



*THE FUTURE STARTS NOW!*

# COBALT



CAREFUL!  
THE COVER  
NEEDS TO BE  
KEPT PG.

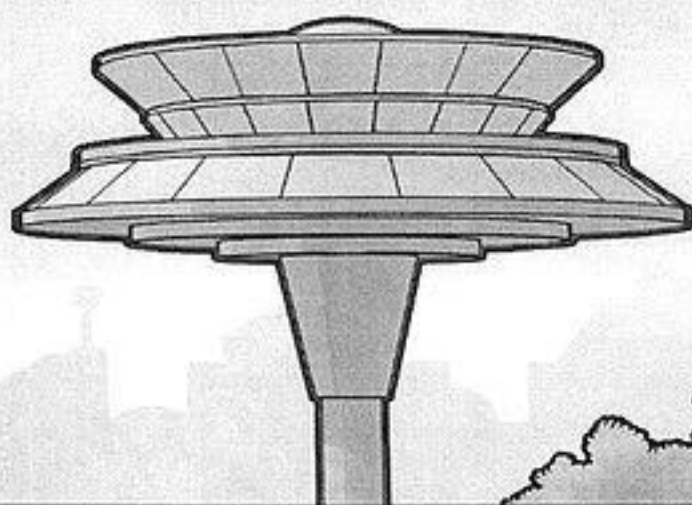
YAY! OUR  
**FIRST  
ISSUE!**

**ADULTS ONLY**

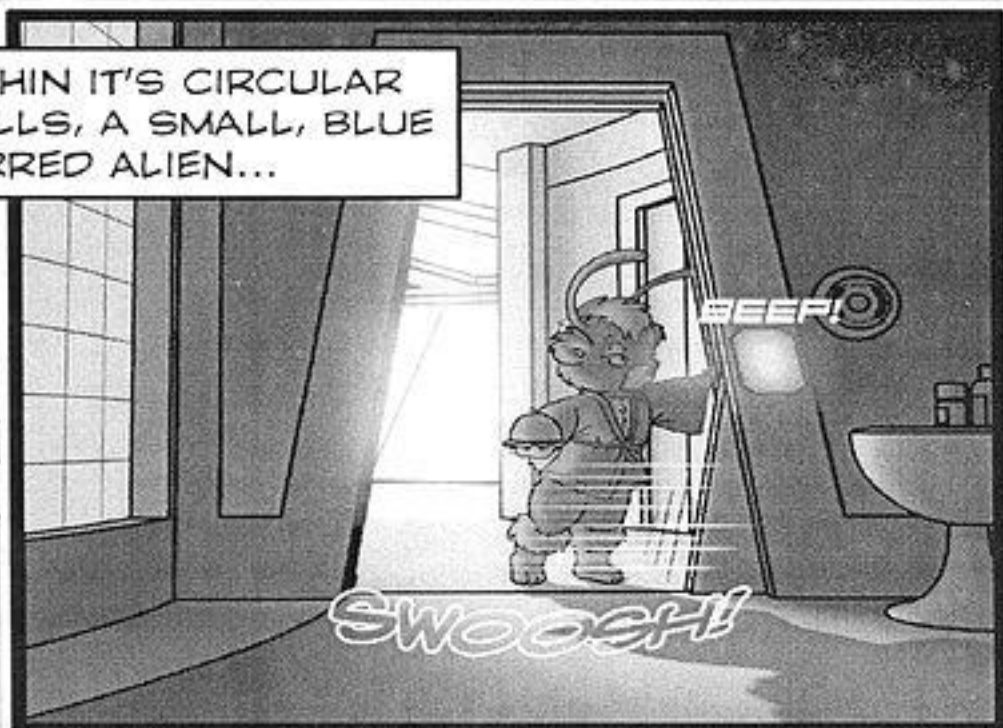


THE SUN RISES OVER  
IOPA'S CAPITAL CITY,

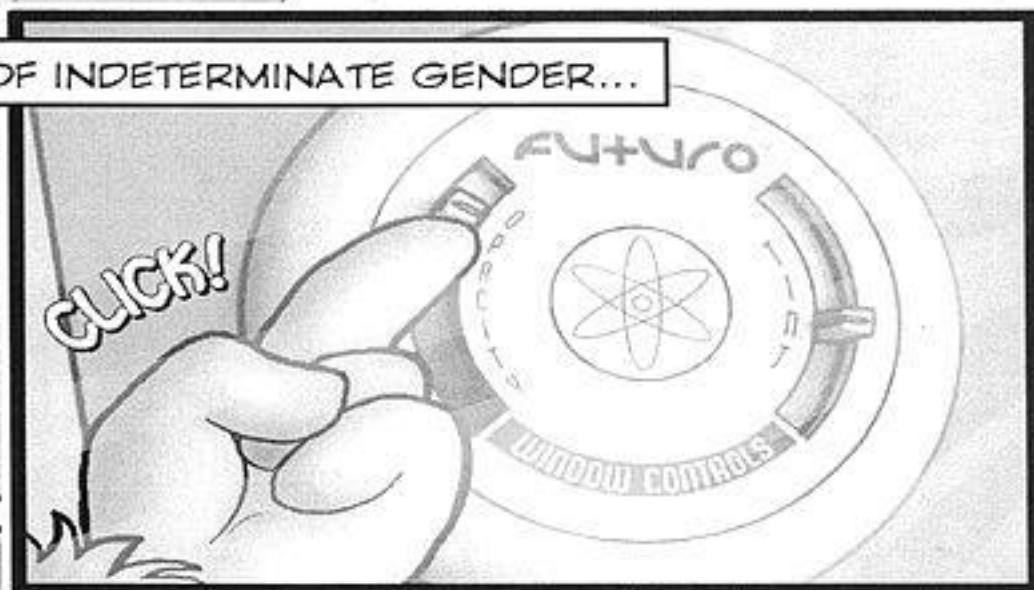
AND AN ELEVATED,  
SKYPAD HOME.



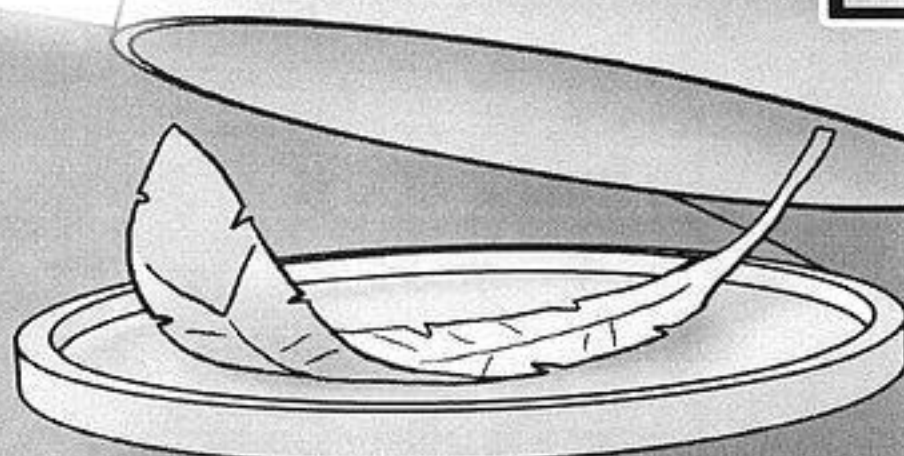
WITHIN IT'S CIRCULAR  
WALLS, A SMALL, BLUE  
FURRED ALIEN...



...OF INDETERMINATE GENDER...



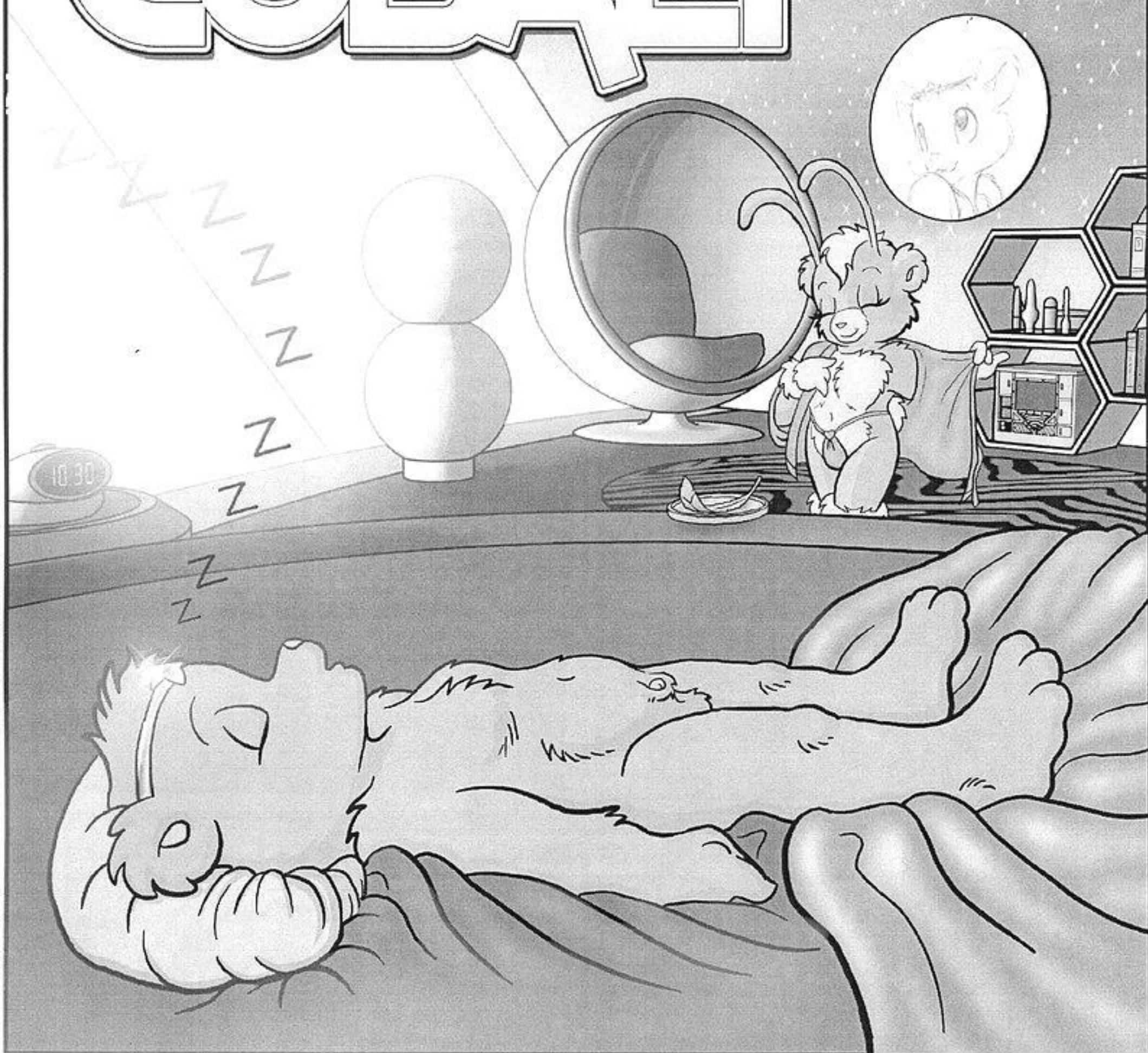
...DUTIFULLY CARRIES OUT  
AN EARLY MORNING ROUTINE.





*FURNATION PRESENTS*

# COBALT



IN:  
**RISE AND  
SHINE!**

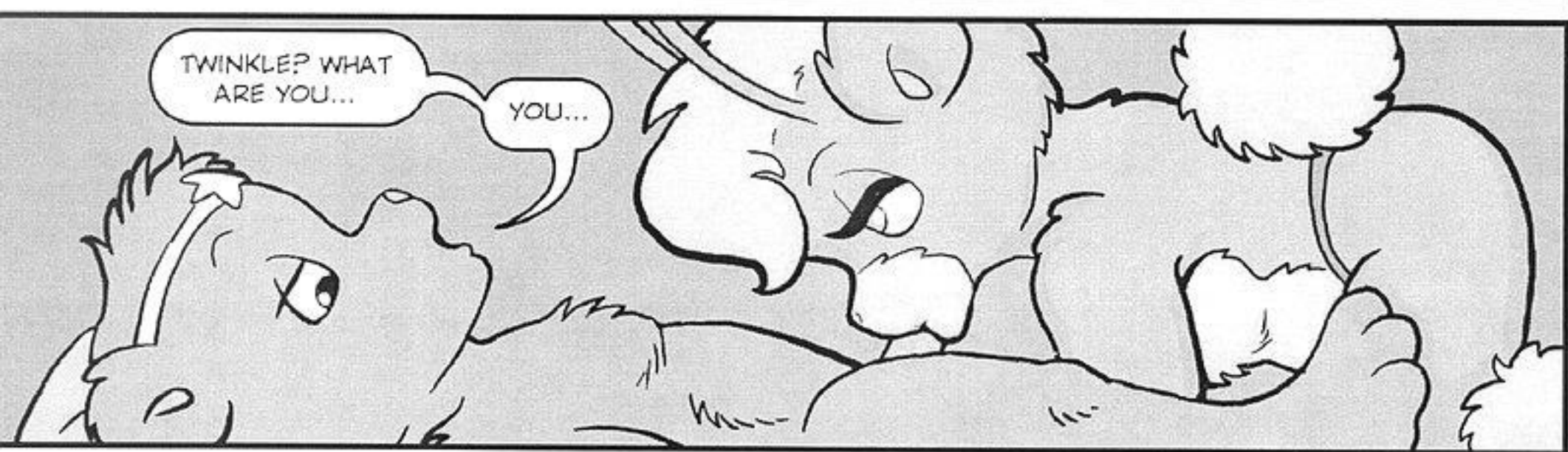
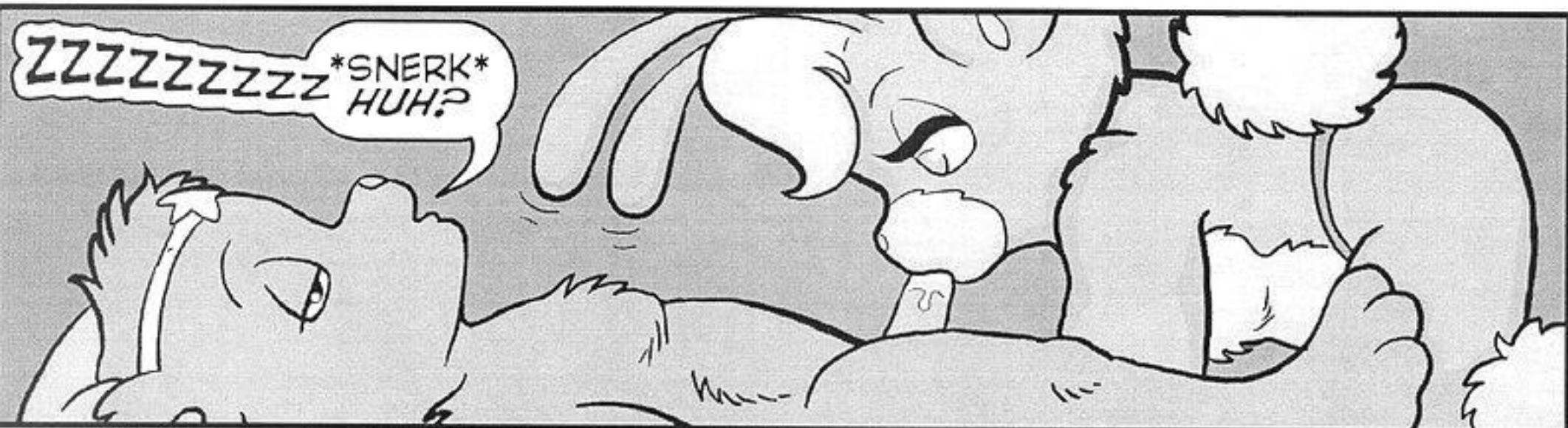
STORY AND ART CREATED BY  
CHRIS SUTOR - ©2005















\*GASP\*  
TWINKLE, I THINK  
I'M GONNA..

G-GONNA..

AH!

AH!

AH!



UNH!



MMPH!







\*PANT\*  
\*OOH\*



MMMMMMMMMM!

**NGAH!**

A  
MOUTHFUL OF  
WARM CUM..

BEST WAY  
TO START  
THE DAY.



MMM.. YOU'RE CERTAINLY  
NICER TO WAKE UP TO THAN  
AN ALARM CLOCK.

WHAT TIME IS  
IT, ANYWAY?

ALMOST  
ELEVEN  
O' CLOCK.

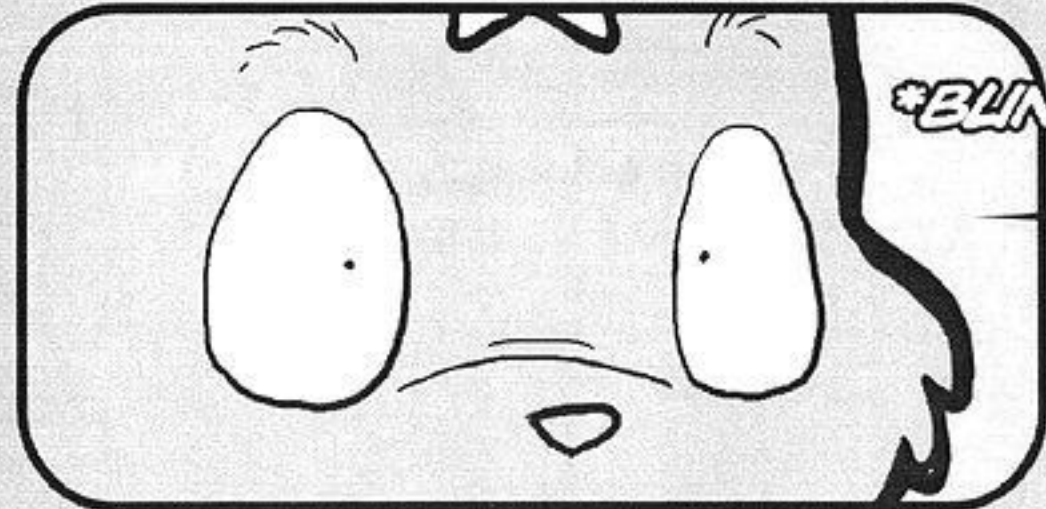


ELEVEN  
O' CLOCK?

MMM-HMMM

MMMMMM...





**\*BLINK!\***

ELEVEN  
O' CLOCK?

**AAAAAUGH!**

**I'M  
LATE  
FOR  
WORK!**

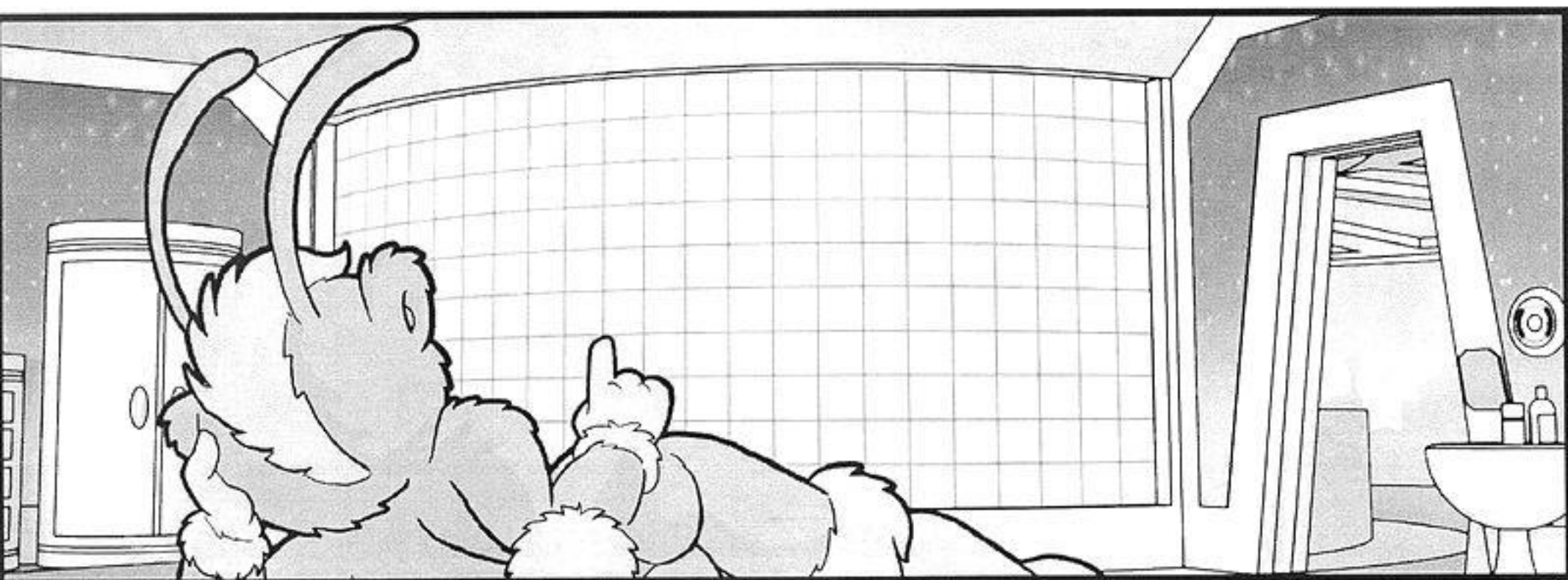
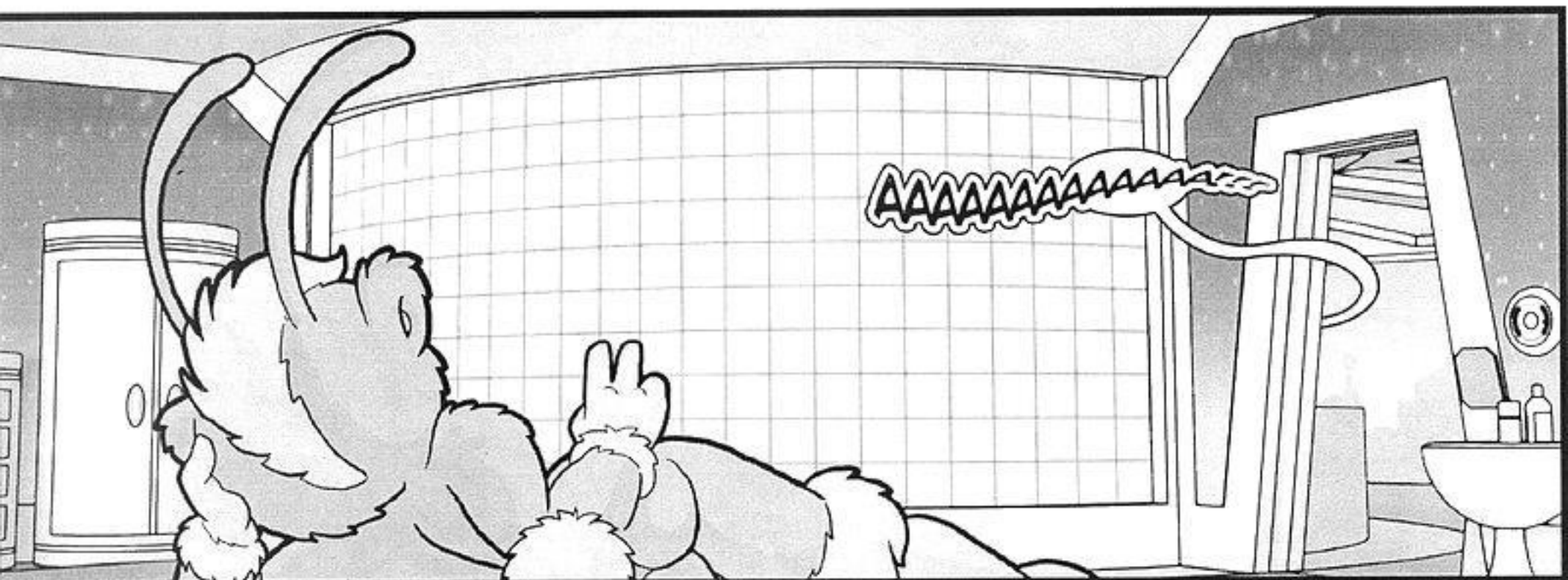


**AUGH!** WHERE'S MY SOCKS?  
WHERE'S MY SPORTCOAT?  
WHERE'S MY FREAKIN' TIE!?

YOU DON'T OWN A TIE.

**WHY  
DON'T I  
OWN A  
TIE !?  
AUGH!!!**









IT'S NOT MONDAY.

TUESDAYS SUCK, TOO.

HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT WEDNESDAYS?

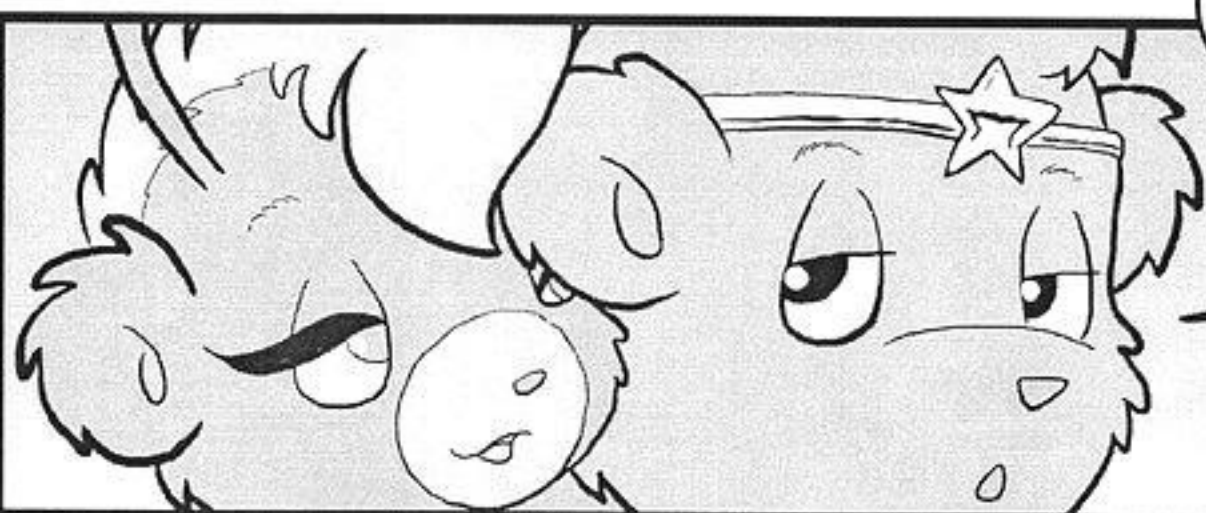
BASTARDS, THE WHOLE BUNCH OF THEM.



PROBABLY A GOOD THING THAT IT'S THURSDAY, THEN

NOW YOU'RE JUST BEING FLIPPANT.

ARE THERE ANY DAYS YOU DO LIKE?



I'M MORE OF A NIGHT PERSON. WHICH BRINGS ME TO MY NEXT QUESTION...

IF I DON'T HAVE TO RUSH OFF TO SOME SOUL-SUCKING CORPORATE HELLHOLE, THEN WHY AM I AWAKE, BEFORE THE CRACK OF NOON?



BECAUSE YOU ASKED ME TO WAKE YOU UP. DID YOU FORGET THE CARD THAT ARRIVED YESTERDAY?

I MUST HAVE. REMIND ME?

THE CITY GALLERY IS DOING AN EXHIBITION OF LOCAL ARTISTS' WORK.

THEY WANTED YOU TO COME IN THIS MORNING WITH SOME SAMPLES OF YOUR RECENT PROJECTS, FOR POSSIBLE INCLUSION.



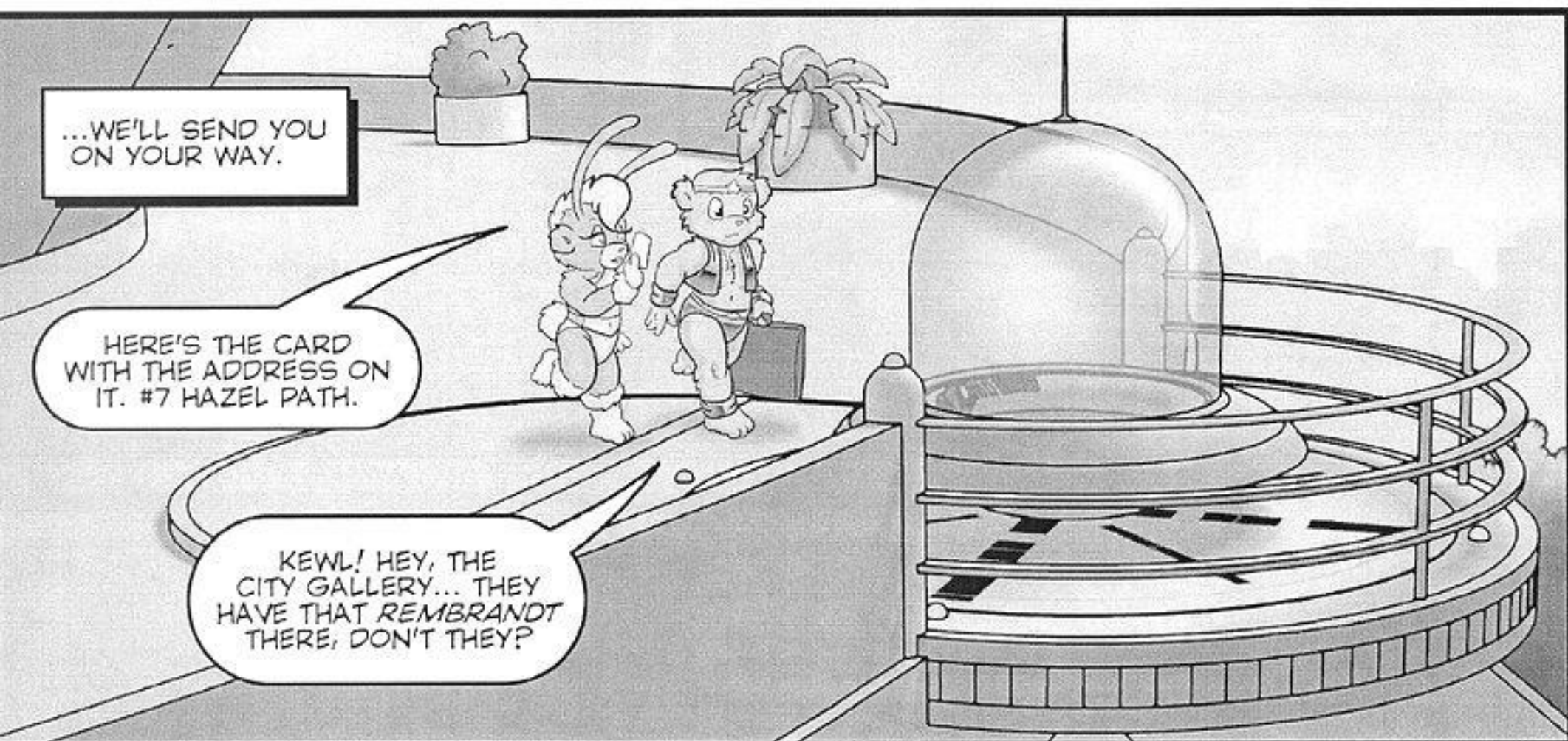
YOU GO GRAB A SHOWER  
WHILE I WHIP US UP A QUICK  
BREAKFAST, AND THEN...



...WE'LL SEND YOU  
ON YOUR WAY.

HERE'S THE CARD  
WITH THE ADDRESS ON  
IT. #7 HAZEL PATH.

KEWL! HEY, THE  
CITY GALLERY... THEY  
HAVE THAT REMBRANDT  
THERE, DON'T THEY?



I THINK THEY  
DO, YES.

WOOT! OOOOKAY,  
ADDRESS IS PUNCHED  
INTO THE NAVICOM.

STAND BACK,  
KIDDO, I'M GONNA  
TAKE OFF.





**GOOD LUCK!**

HEH, WOW - THIS SHOULD BE KEWL. IMAGINE ME, HAVING A GALLERY EXHIBITION.

HEE! MAYBE THEY'LL  
HANG ONE OF MY PIX NEXT  
TO THAT REMBRANDT.

SOON...

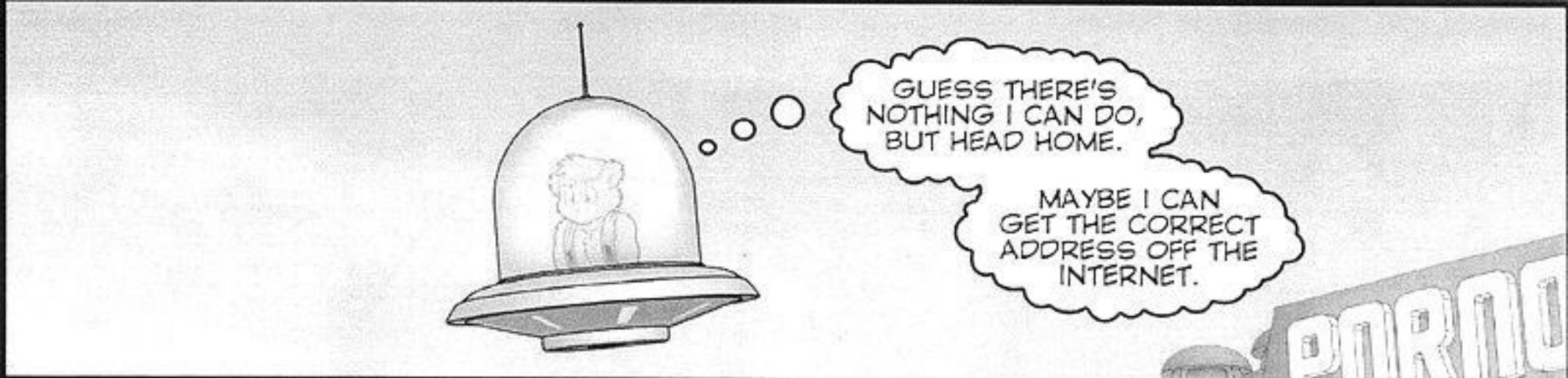
**TOUCHDOWN!**

THAT WAS A BIT  
OF A LONG FLIGHT, BUT  
FINALLY - HERE WE ARE! THE  
*CITY GALLERY* AT...









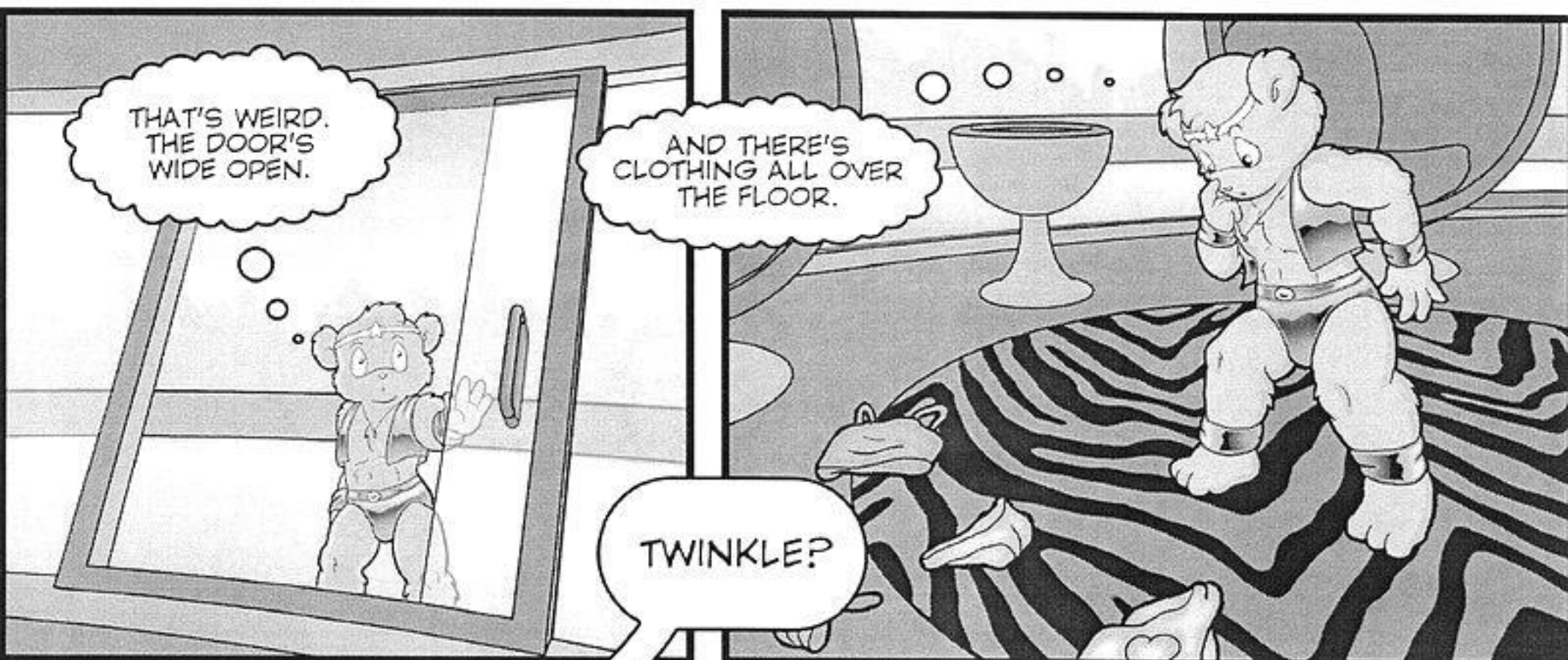
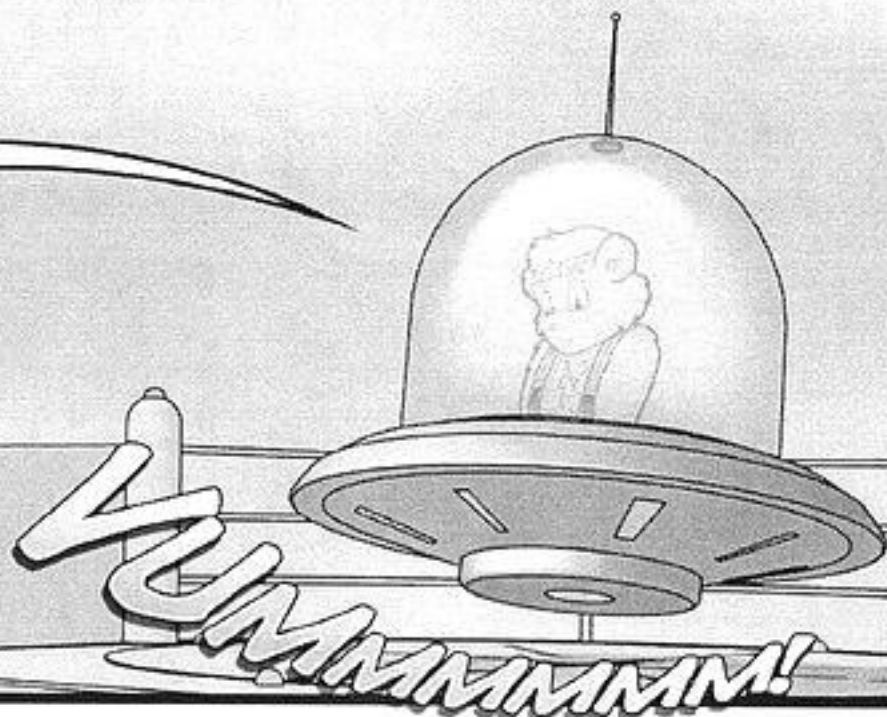
GUESS THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO, BUT HEAD HOME.

MAYBE I CAN GET THE CORRECT ADDRESS OFF THE INTERNET.

LATER...

WHOOF!  
I'M GLAD I DON'T HAVE TO MAKE THAT TRIP EVERY DAY.

I HOPE THE REAL CITY MUSEUM IS A LOT CLOSER.



THAT'S WEIRD.  
THE DOOR'S WIDE OPEN.

AND THERE'S CLOTHING ALL OVER THE FLOOR.

TWINKLE?



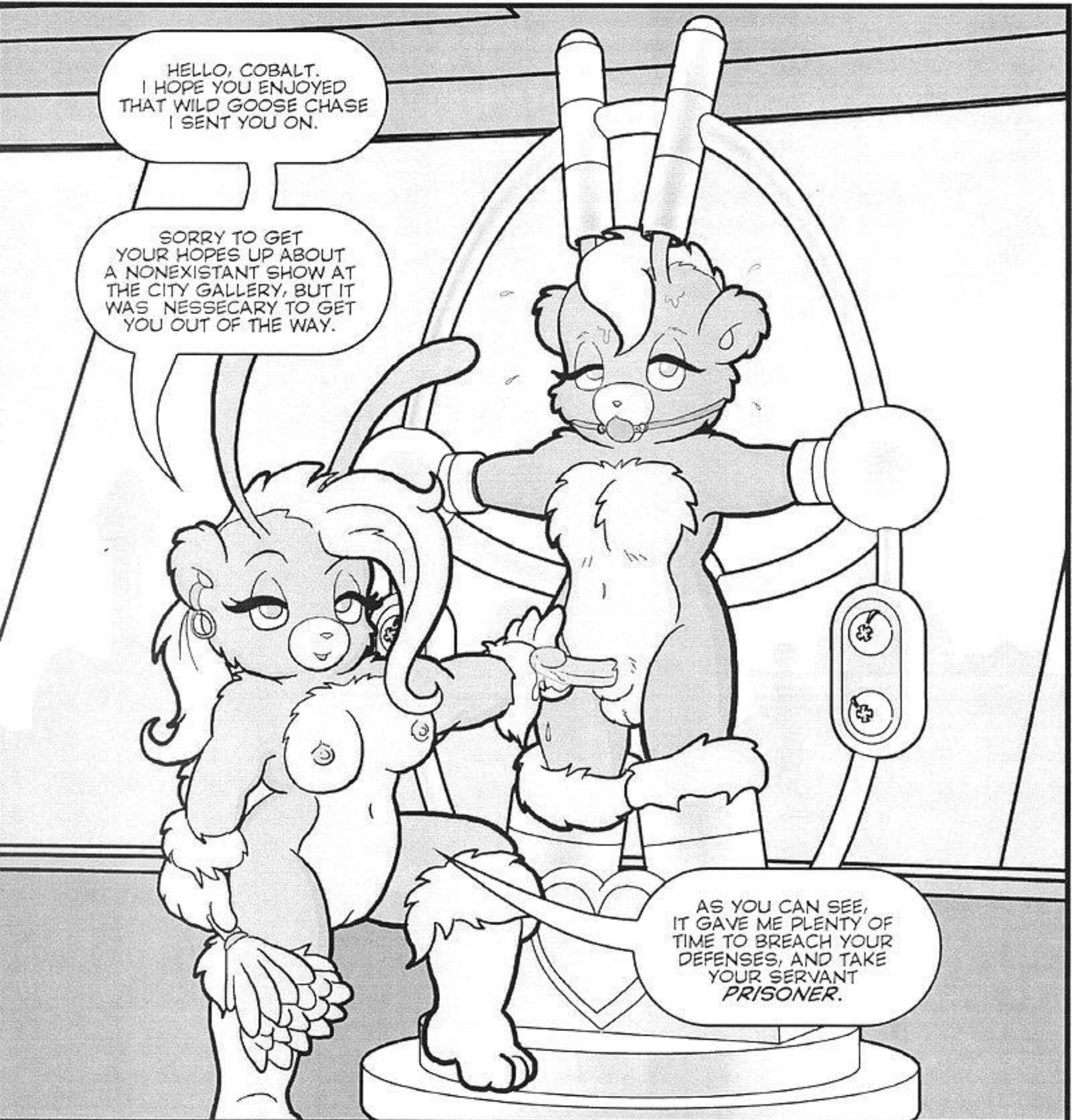
UPSTAIRS!

HEY, TWINKLE-  
THAT ADDRESS YOU GAVE ME WAS...

URK!







HELLO, COBALT.  
I HOPE YOU ENJOYED  
THAT WILD GOOSE CHASE  
I SENT YOU ON.

SORRY TO GET  
YOUR HOPES UP ABOUT  
A NONEXISTANT SHOW AT  
THE CITY GALLERY, BUT IT  
WAS NESSECARY TO GET  
YOU OUT OF THE WAY.

AS YOU CAN SEE,  
IT GAVE ME PLENTY OF  
TIME TO BREACH YOUR  
DEFENSES, AND TAKE  
YOUR SERVANT  
*PRISONER.*




WHAT?  
WHO ARE YOU?  
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?  
WHAT'S THAT MACHINE?




MY NAME IS PLEASURE.  
AS FOR YOUR OTHER TWO  
QUESTIONS, ALLOW ME TO  
EXPLAIN A LITTLE SOMETHING  
ABOUT FOOZLE ANATOMY.





AS YOU ARE PROBABLY AWARE, WE FOZZLES CAN CHANGE OUR GENDER AT WILL. THIS IS BECAUSE WE WERE GENETICALLY ENGINEERED TO BE LIVING SEX TOYS.




BUT WHAT YOU MAY NOT HAVE KNOWN IS, THAT OUR DESIGNER IMBUED US WITH A FAR GREATER NUMBER OF EROGENOUS ZONES THAN ANY NATURAL BEING HAS.

OUR SECONDARY SEXUAL ZONES INCLUDE SUCH AREAS AS THE PALMS OF THE HANDS, THE SOLES OF THE FEET THE ANTENNAI, EVEN OUR LARGE PUFFY TAILS CAN BE SEXUALLY STIMULATED.

HOWEVER, THEY CANNOT BE STIMULATED ENOUGH TO PROVIDE AN *ORGASM*.

WE WERE DESIGNED THAT WAY, TO KEEP US IN A CONSTANT STATE OF *AROUSAL*.




THAT MACHINE STIMULATES *ALL* OF A FOZZLE'S SECONDARY SEXUAL REGIONS *AT ONCE*.

IT KEEPS THE OCCUPANT RIGHT AT THE BRINK OF AN ORGASM BUT *NEVER* LETS THEM REACH IT.

IN THE *SHORT TERM* IT CAN BE QUITE MADDENING. YOUR FOZZLE HAS BEEN IN THE MACHINE *ALL DAY*.

I THINK SHE'S ABOUT READY TO *CRACK*.

*UH-HUH.* AND THE POINT OF ALL THIS IS...?



I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT THAT WAS OBVIOUS! I HAVE TAKEN YOUR FOZZLE PRISONER. I AM BENDING HER WILL TO MY OWN, AND IF YOU WANT HER FREED, YOU WILL IMMEDIATELY **SURRENDER!**

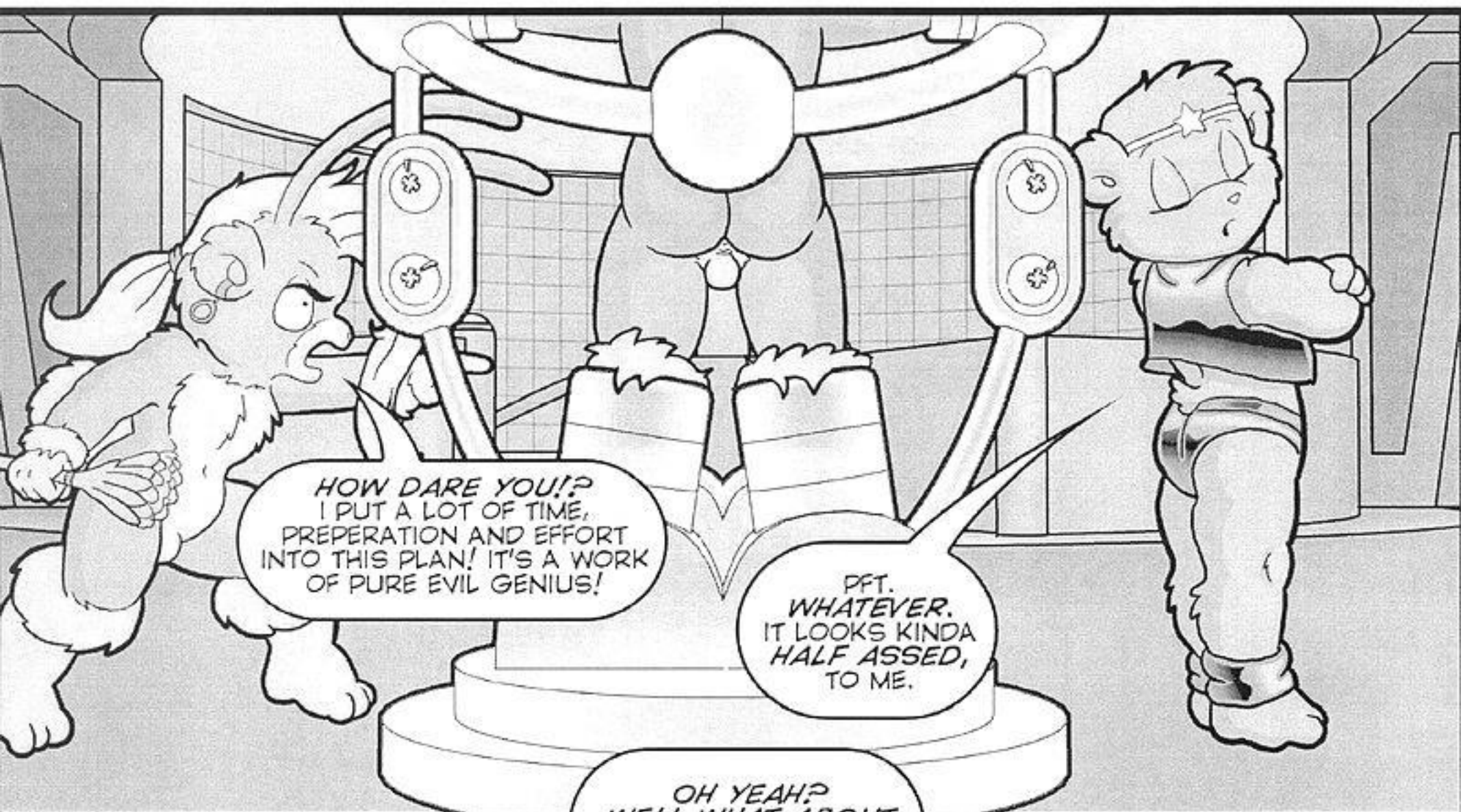


UH-HUH. RIGHT. LET ME SEE IF I HAVE THIS STRAIGHT.

YOU TRICK ME INTO LEAVING, WITH A STORY ABOUT A PHONY GALLERY OPENING, SO YOU CAN SNEAK IN HERE, AND CAPTURE TWINKLE, BY PUTTING HER INTO SOME KIND OF KINKY BONDAGE MACHINE, WHICH IS PLEASURING HER, IN WAYS THAT ONLY A FOOZLE CAN BE PLEASURED, AND NOW, I'M SUPPOSED TO "SURRENDER" IN ORDER TO GET HER OUT OF IT. IS THAT THE BASIC GIST OF THINGS?

EXACTLY!

THAT IS THE *DUMBEST* EVIL PLAN I HAVE EVER HEARD. DID YOU PUT ANY THOUGHT INTO THIS AT ALL?



HOW DARE YOU!? I PUT A LOT OF TIME, PREPERATION AND EFFORT INTO THIS PLAN! IT'S A WORK OF PURE EVIL GENIUS!

PFT. *WHATEVER.* IT LOOKS KINDA *HALF ASSED*, TO ME.

OH YEAH? WELL WHAT ABOUT THIS, BUDDY? READ IT AND WEEP!

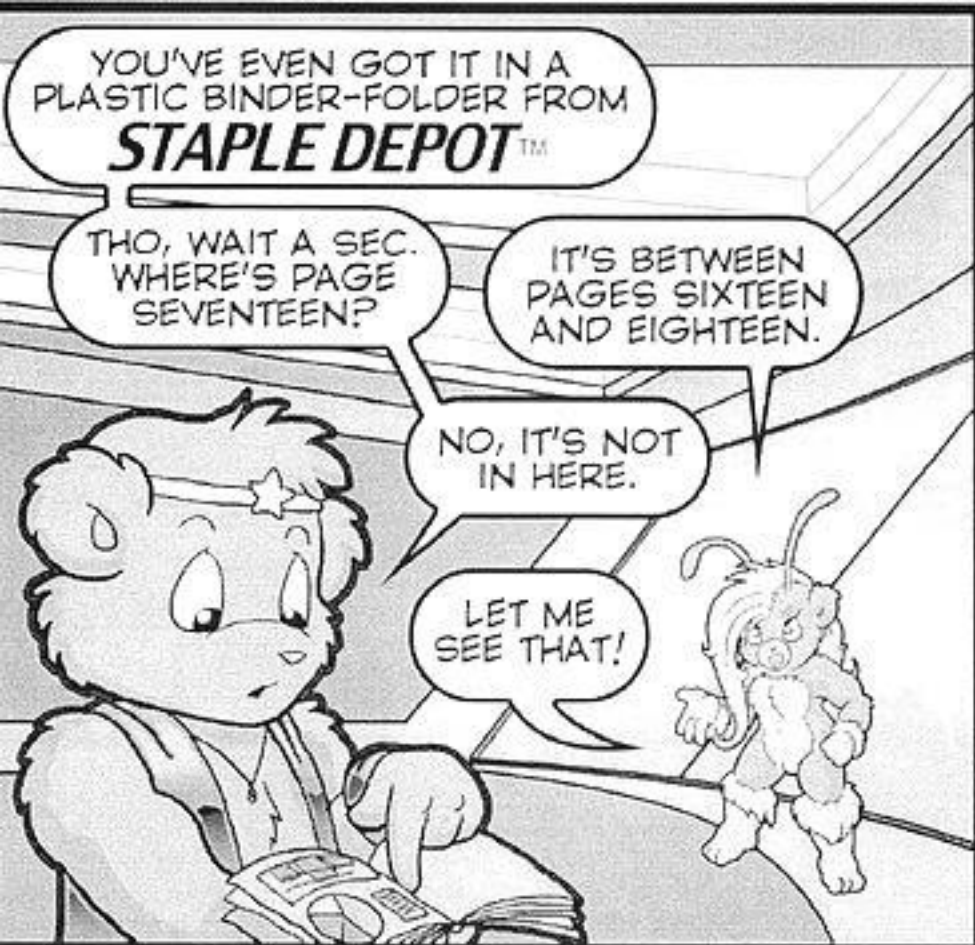


ALRIGHTY. LET'S SEE WHAT WE'VE GOT HERE. HMM... ACTUALLY, THIS DOES LOOK PRETTY IN-DEPTH. FULL-COLOR CHARTS AND GRAPHS PLOTTING FEASIBILITY. DEMOGRAPHIC CURVES. AND IS THIS AN ECOLOGICAL IMPACT STUDY ON PAGE EIGHT?

YES!

WELL JEEZ, I GUESS I WAS WRONG. LOOKS LIKE I DON'T STAND A CHANCE.





YOU'VE EVEN GOT IT IN A PLASTIC BINDER-FOLDER FROM **STAPLE DEPOT™**

THO, WAIT A SEC. WHERE'S PAGE SEVENTEEN?

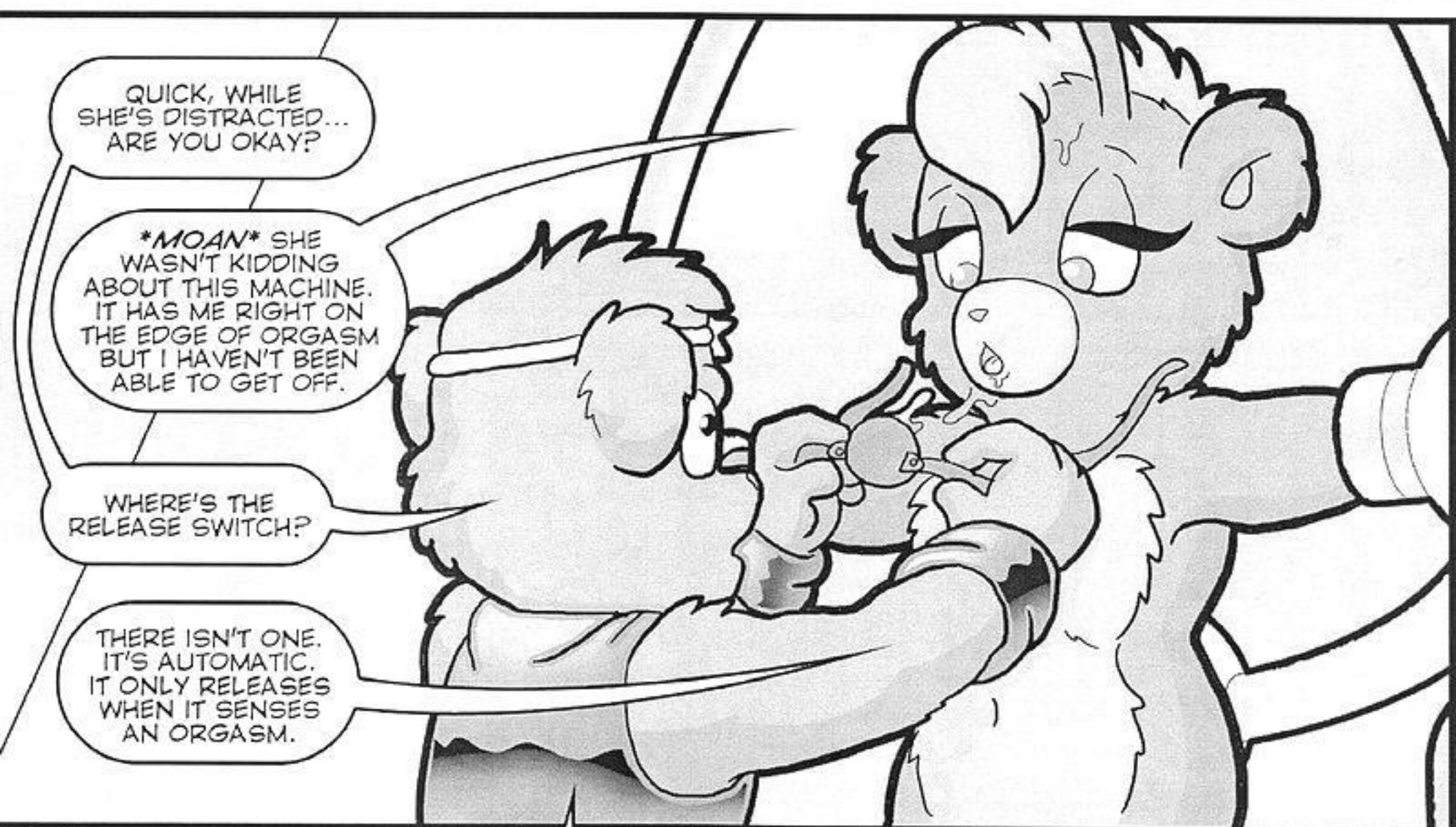
IT'S BETWEEN PAGES SIXTEEN AND EIGHTEEN.

NO, IT'S NOT IN HERE.

LET ME SEE THAT!



CURSE THOSE STUPID COPY SHOP SLACKERS! IT MUST BE IN HERE SOMEWHERE! HANG ON WHILE I LOOK FOR IT.



QUICK, WHILE SHE'S DISTRACTED... ARE YOU OKAY?

*\*MOAN\** SHE WASN'T KIDDING ABOUT THIS MACHINE. IT HAS ME RIGHT ON THE EDGE OF ORGASM BUT I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO GET OFF.

WHERE'S THE RELEASE SWITCH?

THERE ISN'T ONE. IT'S AUTOMATIC. IT ONLY RELEASES WHEN IT SENSES AN ORGASM.



GOOD THING YOUR PUMP IS ALREADY WELL PRIMED, THEN.

OOH!

AH!

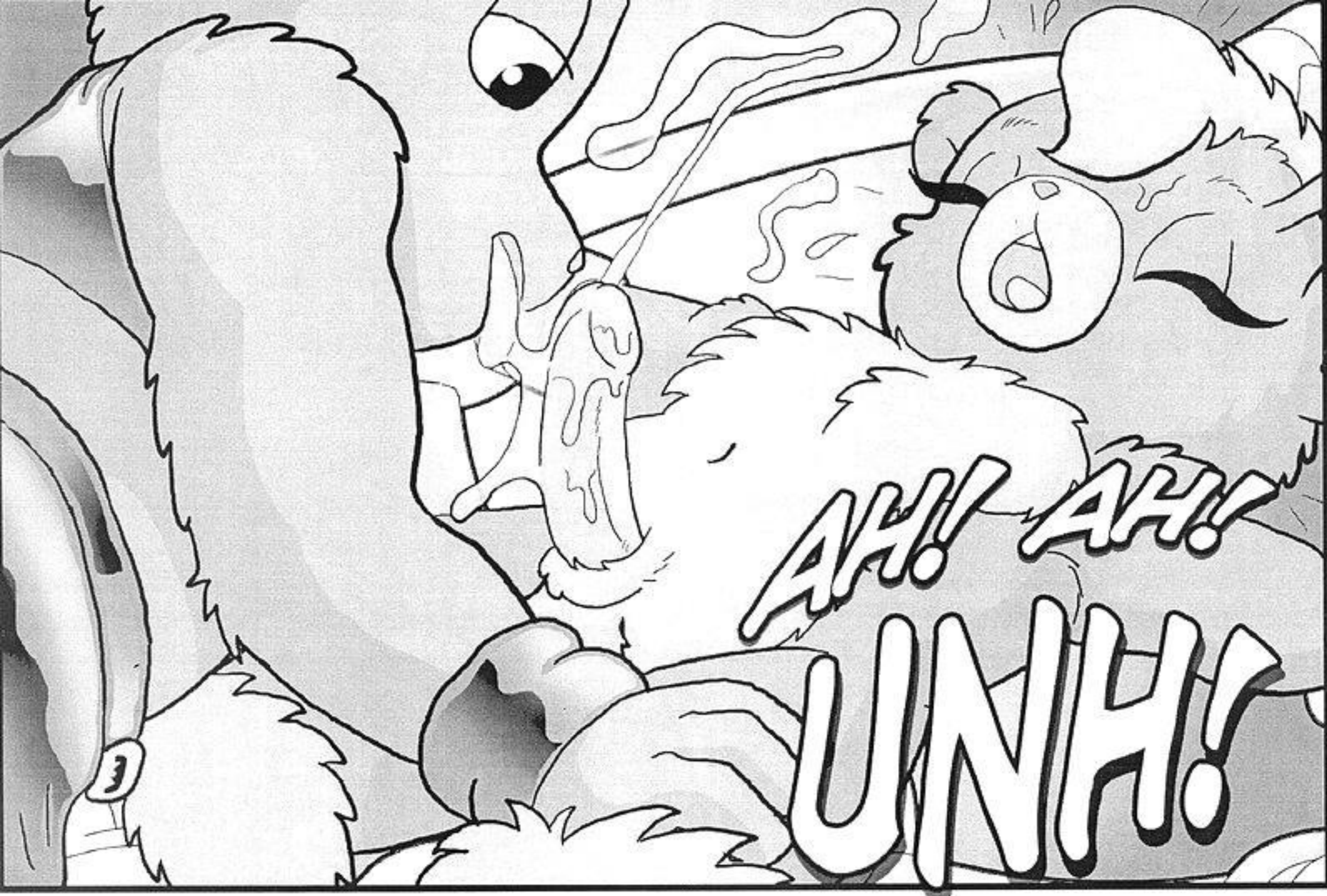


AH!

AH!

AH!





PAGE  
SEVENTEEN!  
FOUND IT!



HOW YOU DOING,  
KIDDO? YOU OK?

MMMM-YEAH!

HEH, YOU WERE  
ENJOYING THAT  
FOOZLE MACHINE,  
WEREN'T YOU?

I'VE GOTTA  
FIND OUT WHERE  
SHE BOUGHT IT.  
I WANT ONE.





NOW, WHAT SHOULD WE DO WITH OUR LITTLE TROUBLEMAKER, TWINKLE?

OH, I HAVE AN IDEA.

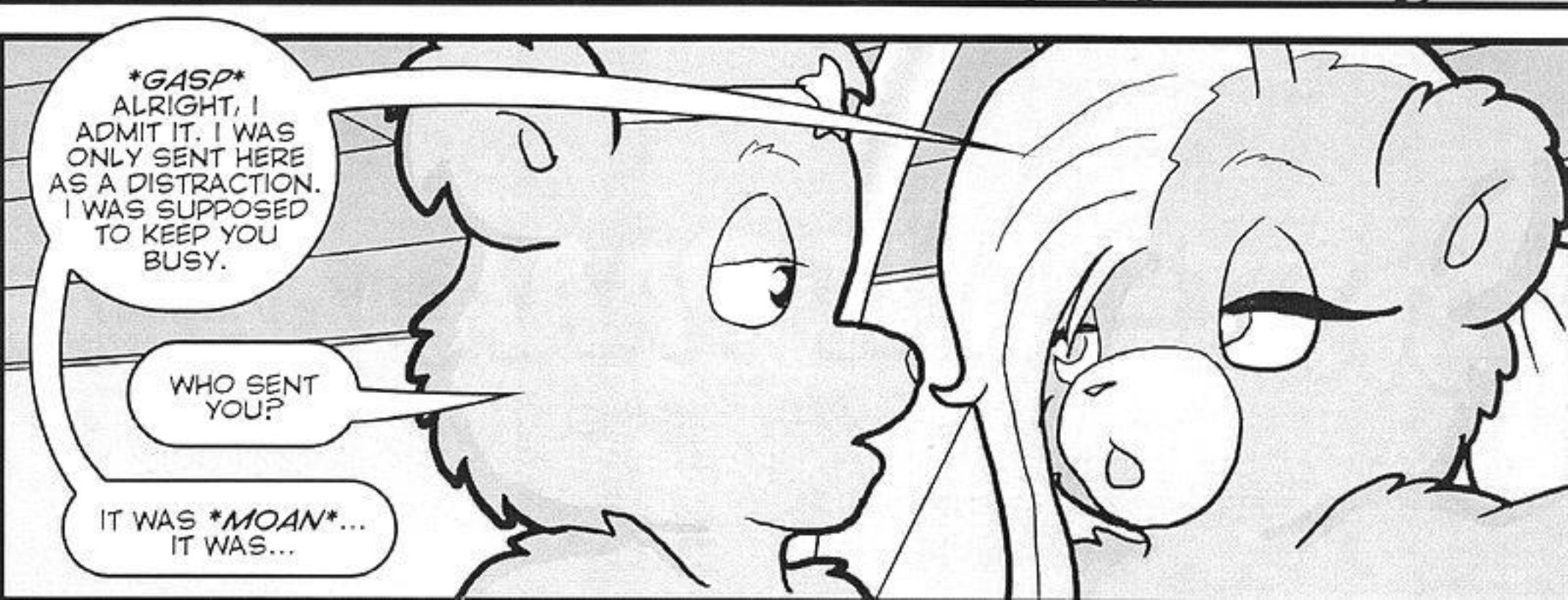


AND SO:

GOOD IDEA, TWINKLE. I LIKE THE WAY THAT YOU THINK.

THANKS.

OKAY NOW, "PLEASURE" I THINK IT'S TIME YOU TOLD US WHAT YOU'RE *REALLY* DOING HERE.

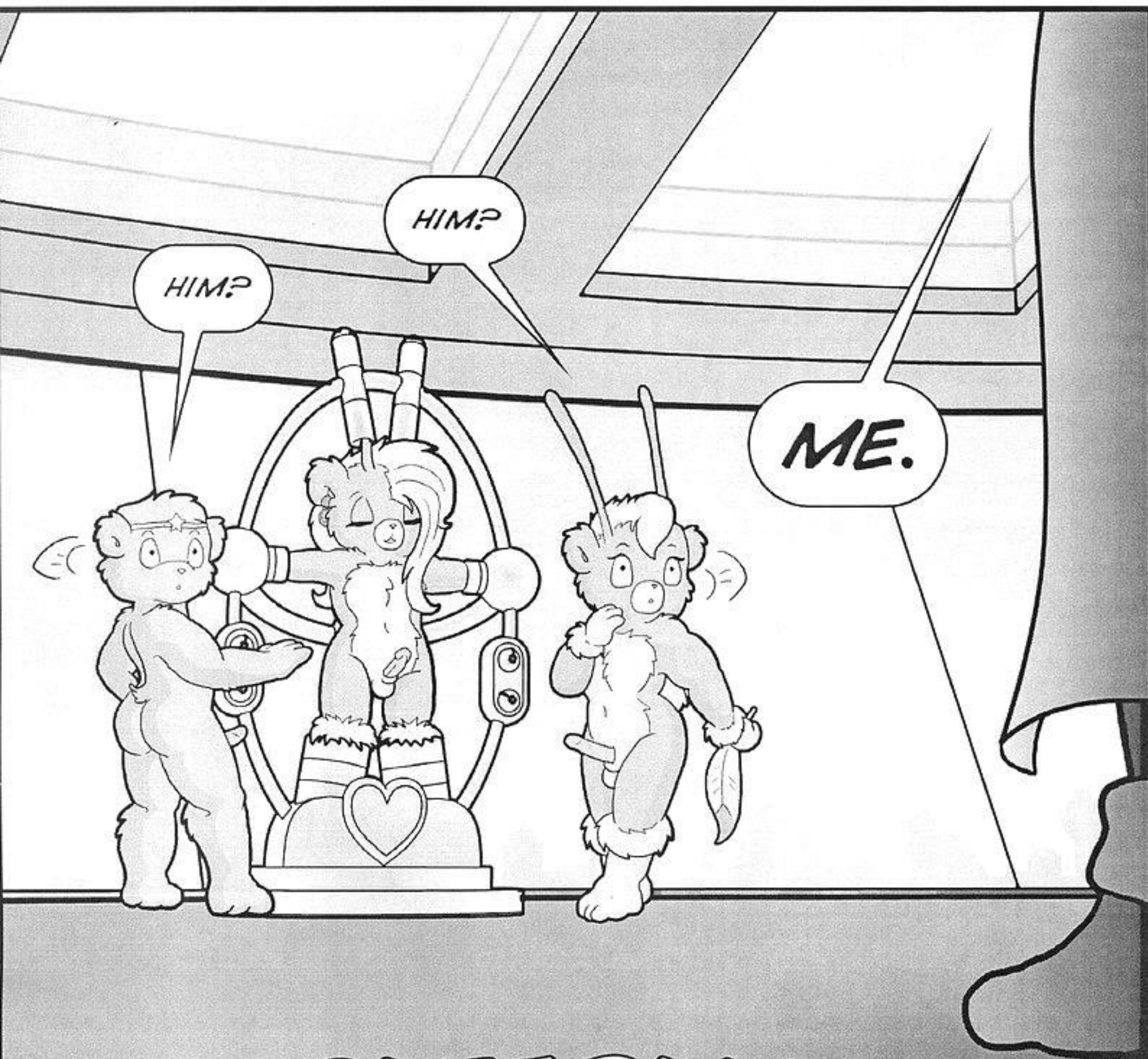


*\*GASP\** ALRIGHT, I ADMIT IT. I WAS ONLY SENT HERE AS A DISTRACTION. I WAS SUPPOSED TO KEEP YOU BUSY.

WHO SENT YOU?

IT WAS *\*MOAN\**... IT WAS...



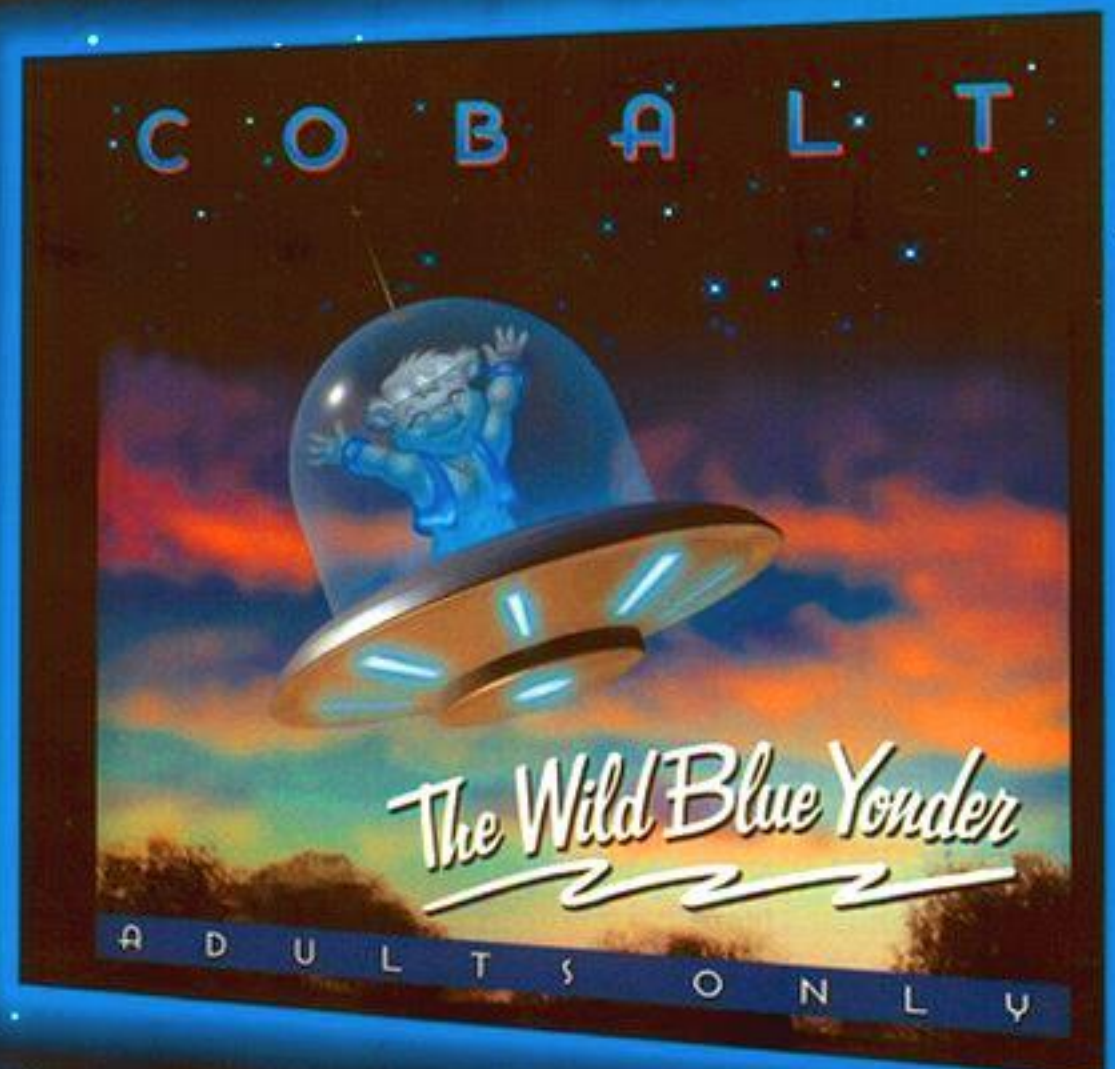
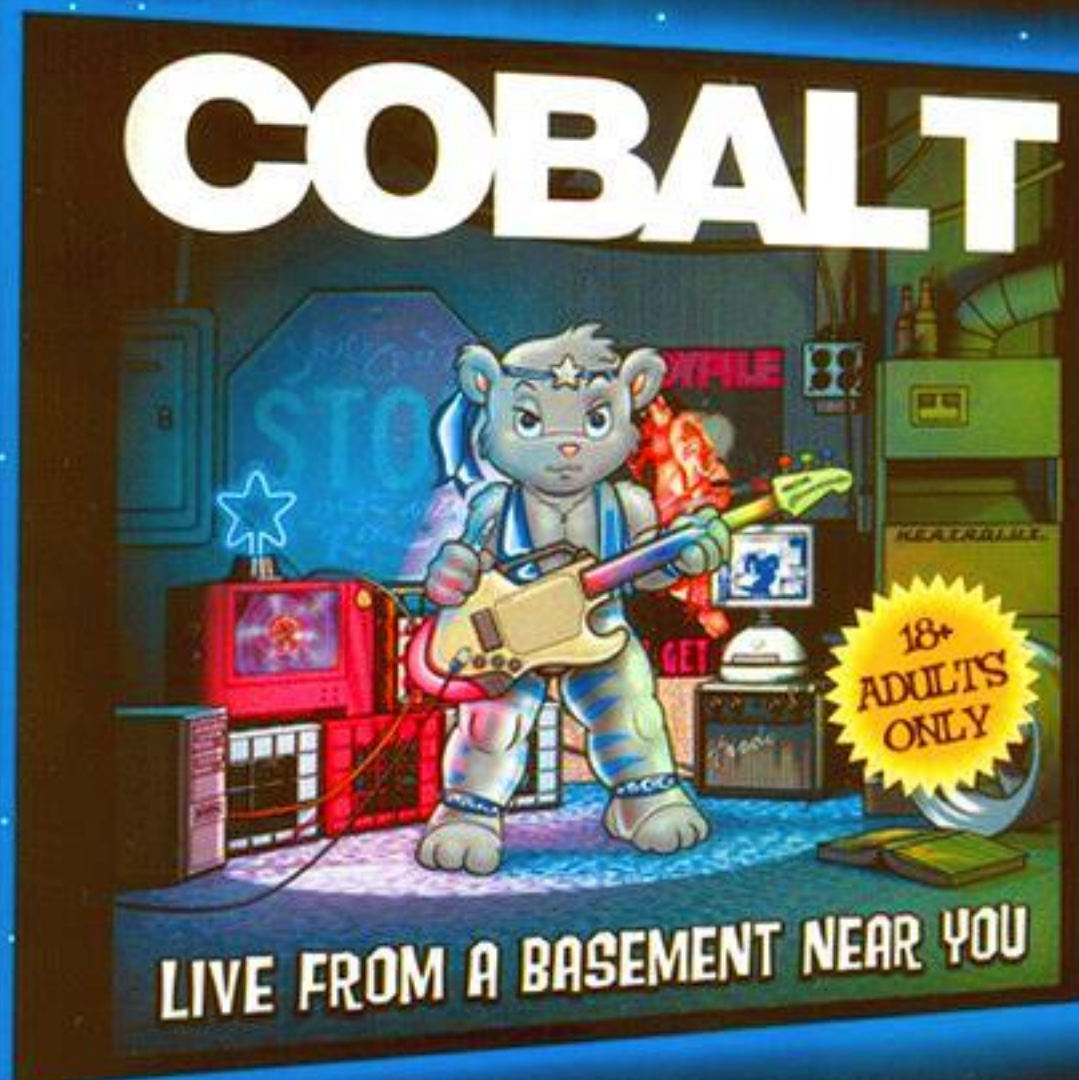


**DANT-DANT-DAAAAAH!**

WHO IS THE MYSTERIOUS "HIM?"  
AND WHAT SINISTER PLAN HAS HE DEVISED FOR OUR  
INTREPID HEROES? FIND OUT, NEXT TIME IN  
ISSUE #2 OF COBALT!



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